ALONE.

My life puts forth to sea alone;
The skies are dark above,
All round I hear the gray waters moan—
Alas for vanished love!

"O lonely life that presseth on
Across these waters of years,
Where are the guiding pilots gone—
Whose is the hand that steers?"

The pilots they are left behind
Upon yon golden strand;
We drift before the driving wind;
We cannot miss the land—

That land to which we hurry on,
Across the angry years;
Hope being dead, and sweet love gone,
There is no hand that steers.

MY PRETTY NEIGHBOR.

I lived in a third-story back room, whose two diminutive windows looked across a narrow alley directly into two other back windows. The alley was about as alleys go; the same proportion of rag-pickers stooped over barrels in back gateways as in other alleys.

My windows were hung with abbreviated somethings that my landlady called curtains, and spoke of pathetically as having seen better days. But the two across the alley were quite pretentious. One of them, the one that caught the first rays of the reluctant sun from over peaked roofs and obtrusive eaves, had a box built into it, where morning glories actually dared grow, and twist about the string she put for them. She was a fair-faced woman-girl, who took possession some two months after I had moved into my quarters.

I suppose she was young in years, I know I watched her with a good deal of interest, curious to learn what manner of person it might be who had the temerity to sing "Home, Sweet Home," in a third-story back. Sing it, too, with both of her windows wide open, flaunting little trills and impromptu variations right into the open windows on my side of the alley.

I liked Missy. I like the calm tenderness of the big dark eyes, the breadth of the young brow, the modest maidenliness and the wholesomeness generally of her appearance. I found Blackstone a trifle prosy, even when the windows over the way were closed, and when evening brought the little lady—for a lady she was, every inch of her—home from work, it was simply impossible to sit still and ponder legal quirks and flounder through legal sloughs. There was so much pleasanter study opposite, done up in neat dress and big eyes and goldy-brown hair, and all that. Up would go her windows, both of them, out would go the bird cage for a "breath of air," and the little mistress would unravel tangled vines and coax them around the strings. She had been watching the callow knobs develop into long twisty buds, and I had grown about as deeply interested myself watching her watch them.

One morning I saw the first bloom wide open, as I, of course, included the two windows in survey up and down the alley. Then I lingered to see what she would do when she saw it. Hadn't long to wait, either. Presently her blind was raised, and there was that milk white morning glory nodding bonnily to her.

"O, you darling!" she cried, and held the pretty thing caressingly against her face. Actually, the foolish child patted it and petted it, and laughed softly to it; and I, spy that I was, felt my eyes as moist as if a gust of rain had blown in them, and a queer choke in my throat, and by some incongruity of associations thought irrelevantly of my modest bank account, and at the same instant how winsome she would look under that misty white stuff a bride wears. I fancy I must have forgotten that hitherto I had played the role of unseen, for presently she saw me, and with crimson cheeks turned away into the room.

About this time I discovered that the mirror in my room reflected objects across the alley in her room. I instantly tilted the bold thing at an acute angle that I might not trespass beyond the vine-hung window. But one morning, when the maid in dusting had readjusted it, I saw reflected in it the girl in her room, walking to and fro with agitated steps, then sinking on her knees clasp her hands in a very agony of prayer, the slim form shaken with sobs. "Discharged, I suppose," I muttered, savage that I had thus been unintentional witness of grief meant only for Him who sees always. I put that offending mirror in the farthest corner of the room, pelted around rather stormily for awhile then went down to the nearest florist's and bought the biggest bunch of roses I could find, ordering them sent to that poor little girl crying her heart out in that third story back room. Not as a balm to her, oh, no; merely as an apology to myself for having seen the sorrow she thought none could see.

Her blinds were drawn tight when I got back to my den and I had to race down again and tell them not to send the flowers till next morning.

No light in her room that night.

"Having it all out by yourself in the dark, you poor little soul," I thought in somber soliloquy. That's the way with women. They take a grief to their slumbers with them, fret, and cry and brood over it, and it doesn't do a particle of good. A man, now, would just jam his hat over his eyes, take a cigar and have it out in a tramp about town."

Poor little woman! There were dark circles under her eyes next morning, and the five bright morning glories tapping against her window won but the wannest smiles. I saw her sit languidly down and count every penny in the small pocketbook. Meager enough, I knew, from the dejected way her hands fell together in her lap. Then she went to the door in answer to a knock, and came back with my roses held in both hands, and counterparts of sudden growth in her cheeks. There was no card to the flowers; but I saw her glance shyly across at my window as if she suspected.

Next day I sent another, and the following day another, wondering how I was to find a proper introduction for the sender.

Her money I knew, was all gone, one evening when I saw her take something out of a box, kiss it passionately and hastily go out of the room.

Pawnshop, thought I. Not a safe trip for a pretty flower like you, going likewise down my stairs just in time to keep her in view.

It was almost dark, the street well nigh empty of its throngs, as the slim figure paused under the tarnished gilt balls of the pawnbroker. She put one hand on the door knob, then passed on up the street half a square, turned retraced her steps and again halted, frightened, at the door. A second time she turned away from it, and again, after a few hesitating steps down the street, came back to it. This time, as if nerved to its doing, she opened the door and went in. I stood guard outside.

Through the gaudy trinkets and motley assortment, boxers' gloves and guns, and some one's worn Bible lying in the window like truth set in lies, I saw her hand an old-fashioned watch across the counter to the beak-nosed, skull-capped old pawnbroker, hurriedly pocket the five silver dollars he clinked out to her, and swiftly pass out again under the dingy balls.

As she hastened up the street, passed a dark corner dimly touched by lamplight, a man stepped out of the shadows, caught her by the arm, leering down into the frightened face.

"You coward," she panted. "How dare you?"

"You're too purty to go 'long the street unprotected," I heard, as I darted forward across the street, and then I had him by the neck for one minute, and then the gutter had him the next. "Not unprotected, you whelp!" I hissed, so furious I could scarcely articulate.

Missy looked at me with a pale face, in which recognition took the place of terror, accepting the arm I offered with a confiding gesture that made me want to go back and kick the cur in the gutter.

Swift tears were rolling down her cheeks. "Don't cry," I said. "Don't cry, or I shall have to thrash the wretch." She smiled bravely under the tears. "I—hardly—think—he is worth—the exertion," in uncertain quavers. "I—I—am so grateful to you."

"Well," I laughed. "I am grateful for the chance of being of service to you; glad I happened along." Happened! Whew! I smiled a broad smile—mentally—at my successful duplicity. Happened! Rather. "You see, I have been so long acquainted with your morning glories that I really feel as though I know their owner."

And then we quite primly introduced each other to each other, and then I left her at her door, and went upstairs on my side the alley.

I did not read Blackstone that night. I was too absorbed in telling fortunes with fate, sitting in the starlight until the clocks all around the neighborhood struck midnight. I counted at least six different toned recorders of time, and then went to bed, my last conscious thought being a cogitation as to whether she objected to cigars—or cigar smokers.

"Morningglory" did not appear at her window next morning, but she did in the evening, bowing in response to my greeting. I feared my manner was too tinctured with the pleasure I felt at seeing her, for she only tarried a moment and I passed the remainder of that evening reviewing what she said and what I said.

I could not call; that landlady was too economical of space to waste any in a parlor. So I sent a note asking if I might accompany her to church the coming Sunday evening. Back came a quaintly formal permission. Then I had a dear old lady who "mothered" some of the youngsters of our set, to call upon her. Then the young lady returned the call. She had a new situation, office work, and presently that blessed old woman coaxed that blessed young woman into making her a visit, and gave me a cordial invitation to "run in" whenever my studies would permit. Studies! Humph! I think so! I was in the last chapter of Cupid's last and most interesting work, and law went begging.

Then I proposed, and the little lady did not say "nay;" and before many new moons there's going to be a wedding at which she and I are to assist; and she's going to be dressed all in spotless white and carry a bunch of roses, and I am to have a band of yellow gold in my vest pocket, and if I do not blunder, I am to be permitted to put it on the dearest little hand in the world, and listen with proud security while she promises the minister she'll "love, honor and obey"—me.—Kansas City Journal.

What He Needs.

A certain official was bothered almost to death by people running in on him at all times of the day and he was expressing himself emphatically on the subject.

"Why don't you put a time lock on your door so they can get in only at a stated hour?" suggested a friend.

"Time lock, nothing," he exclaimed, "what I want is an eternity lock."—Washington Star.

Lacquered War Ships.

Since the Japanese have had war ships they have been experimenting with lacquer as a protection to the bottoms, with marvelously satisfactory results. The Fuso-Kan, after having been lacquered for a year, was found to be in perfect condition.

Dark Darrell's Bride.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Good evening," she said, curtseying to the gentleman and ladies in turn, and glancing very keenly at Ilma. "Been showing the foreign young lady the weir, and the Mill and all, I see."

Ilma made out the drift of this speech, though the words were delivered with a broad Cumberland accent. Roland replied to it.

"This young lady is Miss Costello, our cousin, Zeph,"—another curtsey from Zeph—"and she thinks the place very beautiful. We shall ask Job to show us over the Mill in a day or two."

"She's welcome—most welcome!" said Zeph, scanning Ilma furtively again.—"Did ye see the lord ride past, Mr. Roland?"

"No. Where and when?"

"Oh, just before you came up! He rode by on a black horse—a rare beauty. It will be best for the lord not to stay here long."

"Why, Zeph?" asked Rose eagerly.

"Father says there will be heavy rains next month, and he knows."

"What then?" asked Roland.

"Father says the floods will be out to the hills this year, said Zeph oracularly; "and you know what it says!"

"It" was apparently the Darrell curse in the Scarth Abbot.

"Well, but," said Roland "the Darrells have braved the floods again and again.—See how Sir Philip himself escaped when he saved widow Hunt."

"His time was not come, Mr. Roland," returned Zeph, frowning a little; "but the time must come, and Sir Philip is the last of his house. Good evening, my ladies; good evening, sir."

With another look—not over-friendly—at Ilma, and a covert glance at Roland, Zeph went on her way.

"What an oddity!" said Ilma, gazing after her. "I can follow her pretty well. What a pity we missed seeing Dark Darrell on his black steed! I knew it would be black, Rose."

Rose and Janie discussed the black horse which Sir Philip had not had the last time he came to Scarth Abbot, all the way home, while Ilma walked by Roland's side and asked him hosts of questions about the place and the people.

The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly in music and conversation, and it was late when Miss Durnford and Ilma returned to the Grange.

Ilma's dreams that night was a jumble of Ottawa and Scarth Abbot, gipsies, weirs, mills, and Spanish-looking cavaliers on black horses; and she awoke early, with the sun shining in her room.

The girl sprang up, dressed quickly, and opened her bed-room door. Not a soul was stirring in the house. Ilma looked at her watch; it was barely six o'clock.

"Jolly!" she thought. "I shall run down to the weir before breakfast."

She did not put on her hat, but ran out bareheaded, effecting her exit by her bed-room window. A creeper grew without, and by means of this the agile young girl rapidly reached the garden; she then hurried away toward the river. She had the dewy morning all to herself, and scattered the diamond drops like spray as she moved through the grass, laughing to see how wet were her shoes and the bottom of her blue-and-white serge morning-dress.

The mill-wheel had just began to work, but no one was about; and Ilma stood for nearly a quarter of an hour on Zarah's Leap—so Roland had told her the fatal spot was called—looking down upon the weir; then stepping back to the bank, she wandered along towards the bridge which Mistress Annerls Darrell had refused to cross. The ground rose in this direction, and, looking ahead, Ilma could see that the river, which wound very much, flowed between banks fully twenty feet high, not more than a quarter of a mile from where she now was.

She paused presently close to the bridge and, going up to the extreme verge of the bank, looked down at the rapid current, flowing at this spot with terrible velocity towards the weir. Absorbed in listening to the roar of the weir, which seemed to drown all other sounds, the girl might have remained thus for an hour, had not a most unexpected sound made her look up and glance quickly towards the bridge, whence had come a clear penetrating "Holloa!" in a man's voice.

A man mounted on a splendid black horse was crossing the bridge, and, as Ilma turned her face, he waved his hand with an imperative gesture, intimating to her to draw back. She obeyed instantly, retiring several feet, with less of any fear in her heart of a possible peril against which the rider had warned her, than a feeling of keen amusement and pleasure on beholding one who could be no other than the famous Dark Darrell, the accursed. Yes; there was the dark handsome face; and, as she drew back the rider raised his hat and bowed, as if to apologise for having called to her, or to thank her for condescending to have her life saved. She stood still, watching the horseman, and little thinking what an exquisite picture she herself made with her youthful beauty.

While yet a hundred paces from where Ilma stood, Sir Philip Darrell drew bridle, and, springing lightly to the ground, advanced on foot, with doffed hat.—Seeing that he approached her, the girl went forward to meet him, thinking that this last of the Darrells needed only shining armor or velvet and lace to be a hero of some wild poetic romance of the Rhine.

"Pray forgive me," he said, as the two met, "for shouting to you; but you were standing in a very dangerous place. The earth there frequently yields."

"Why, I ought to thank you very much!" replied Ilma earnestly, looking up almost fearfully into a pair of large steadily-brilliant eyes of the deep gray that seem black in the shade. "If I had fallen in, I should have been washed over the weir. But I came only yesterday; so I don't know where there is danger."

"I should know you were a stranger by both your looks and speech," said Sir Philip, smiling; and Ilma felt that so sweet a smile could redeem any curse, even were the face it illumined less strikingly handsome than that of the Lord of the Manor. "There is not the remotest of the Cumberland about you."

"Nor is there about you," returned Ilma frankly. "I should think you were foreign altogether if I did not know who you were."

"You have the advantage of me," said Sir Philip, bowing, and smiling again.—"The gossips were quick, if you came only last night, to tell you how to know Philip Darrell when you saw him."

"My cousin Sabine told me about you, Sir Philip," answered Ilma. "My name is Ilma Costello, and I have come over from Canada to live with my aunt, Miss Durnford. You know them all?"

"I have that honor and pleasure, and I am delighted to have the further honor of extending the acquaintance," said Darrell holding out a silgat hand, as white as Ilma's own; and Ilma gave him her little hand with a bright laugh.

"What fun!" she exclaimed. "I like to be unconventional. It is ever so much nicer to be introduced to some one by hearing a warning shout than by a formal introduction. Don't you think so?"

"I should if I were the warned and you were the warner, Miss Costello; but it was not with any very enviable feelings that I saw you perched like a fay upon such treacherous ground." He shuddered slightly.

"But I should not like to see you whirling down to the weir," said Ilma. "As it happens, there is no harm done. Oh, you dear old fellow!"

The last words were not addressed to Sir Philip, but to his horse, which had walked forward sedately to join his master. Ilma caressed the noble animal with all of a girl's lavish fondness, laying her soft cheek against the horse's smooth neck, stroking and patting him, and talking to him as if he were a Christian.

Sir Philip watched the beautiful group of girl and horse with feelings which he could not have analyzed. Ilma's conduct would have been splendid acting in a finished coquette; but she was no more a coquette than the mountain-breeze. She felt and acted like a child, and had no more idea of winning Darrell's good opinion than had the horse himself.

"He is a noble creature," said Sir Philip presently, "though his own master praises him. He is half an Arab, and has been my companion in many a wandering.—Faithful Hassan!" he added, laying his delicate white hand tenderly on the animal's forehead; and the large soft eyes of the Arab flashed back full intelligence into his loved master's face.

"I have seen lots of beautiful horses," remarked Ilma, "but never such a beauty as yours. How long have you had him?"

"Four years. I bought him in Alexandria."

"I knew that you had not had him when you were last here," said Ilma, laughing; "for last evening Zeph Heston said you had ridden by on a black horse, and my cousins were very much interested."

"You will find that you cannot cross a road in this place without every one knowing it, and knowing why, or making a reason. All the village will be discussing you over breakfast this morning, and they talked about you all last evening. My coming here was a tremendous event. Bah—country places are stupid, dismally stupid!"

"They must be;" and Ilma looked a little dismayed. "I have never lived long in the country."

"I know that. No one would ever take you for a provincial, Miss Costello. As for me, I have not passed seven years of my life in this place." I am a citizen of the world."

"I know that," said Ilma nodding.—"They call me 'foreigner' here."

"South country is foreign to Cumberland; and you don't speak like a home-bred English girl. You have been more used to foreign language than your own—that is the reason."

"That is how you speak," said Ilma. "I am no judge in my own case; but you speak your words crisply as Italians do, and the inflections of your voice are not English."

Darrell laughed, this Transatlantic girl's frankness was bewitching; he would not have been at all surprised if she had told him that his coat became him, or that she admired his rings. He bowed and thanked her for the compliments bestowed.

Suddenly Ilma looked at her watch, and then clasped her hands in dismay.

"Oh, Sir Philip, I must hurry home to breakfast! I am late already."

"You will let me escort you?"

"And take you out of your way? Not for worlds! There are no bears in these woods, are there?"

"Except Cumberland bears," said Darrell, with some bitterness; "but they are harmless enough, poor cloddoppers! But escort I know is a fiction. Will you grant me the pleasure of your company as long as possible?"

"Oh, yes, gladly! It is no favor, you know! Why don't you come in to breakfast with us? Auntie is a friend of yours, you said."

There was a flash in Darrell's eyes, and a quiver of his delicate lips which told of pride and passion. Then he answered, smiling—

"How good of you to make the suggestion! I think I will act upon it."

"Please do," said Ilma earnestly, thinking of the terrible story Rose had told her of this man who was so desolate, in spite of his ancient name and wealth.

The pleading upward look of the large brown eyes, the soft, "Please do," were magnets more powerful than she dreamed of in her innocence. He would have been less than man who could have resisted them, even though he "read between the lines," for Darrell knew that some one must have told his young companion all about the curse, and doubted not that she, flouting it, only wanted, in her sweet childish way, to make him happy.

"Can I say 'No' to such an applicant?" he said, passing his arm through his horse's bridle as they moved forward.

"I hope you cannot," returned Ilma.—"Yes? Oh, how nice that will be—that is, if you would really like to come, Sir Philip."

"I should like to come above all things else."

Ilma was quite satisfied, and moved along by her tall cavalier's side till they came to the Grange, where Molly the cook, looking out of the kitchen window, was not a little astonished to see no less a person than Dark Darrell himself advancing with his horse along the path between the currant-bushes, with Miss Ilma by his side.

"Why, Jennie," she cried to the housemaid, "there's the lord; and if Miss Ilma isn't talking away to him as if she'd na' known him all her life—and she such a beauty too! Well away; she may be dreeing her weird, and not know it! Just think if the lord should take a fancy to her, poor dear!"

Jennie, who was young, shook her head portentously, but remarked that "they furriners" were mostly mad."

CHAPTER IV.

"Sir Philip Darrell," exclaimed Miss Durnford, quickly descending the steps of the terrace at the back of the house—for Jennie had fled precipitately to inform her of the distinguished visitor who was approaching with truant Miss Ilma—"this is a most unexpected, most welcome pleasure!"

She held out her hand, her face and action amply seconding her cordial words, and he, in courtly fashion, learnt abroad, bent and kissed that hand.

"How kind of you," he said, "to be so glad to see me! Five years have not changed you, Miss Durnford; I wish I could believe they had wrought as little change in me. Your niece, whom I had the pleasure of meeting on the river-bank, incited me to invite myself to breakfast with you this morning; but if I presume——"

"Oh, Sir Philip," cried the old lady, "you have such a lot of foreign palaver! I wonder that you don't forget how to speak English. You cannot utter a sentence of good old Cumberland, I know. Ilma, run round and tell Robert to take Sir Philip's horse to the stable. You have a superb horse, Sir Philip."

"He's a jewel in every way, Miss Durnford," replied Darrell; and Ilma begged to be allowed to lead Hassan to the stable herself.

"Old darling!" she said, as Sir Philip resigned the bridle to her; and she would have envied Robert the charge of him if the society of the lord of the soil had not been a stronger attraction.

She ran back to the breakfast-room, and went up to her aunt with a half-penitent, half-mischievous look.

"Please forgive me for being late, auntie, I did not know how the time was going; and I should not have been here at all maybe but for Sir Philip."

"My dear child, what do you mean?"

Darrell explained, and Miss Durnford looked as horrified as if Ilma had actually tumbled into the river.

"You are so wild, Ilma," she said.—"How did you leave the house this morning? There was not a bolt withdrawn."

"I got out of my window, auntie, and crawled down the creeper."

Darrell burst out laughing. Miss Durnford was obliged to laugh too, though she tried to look grave.

"You'll break a limb some day, child," she said. "Now sit down to breakfast."

"I won't do it again till next time," said Ilma, in an undertone, as she took her seat.

Sir Philip sat opposite to her; and from time to time she scanned him covertly, watching him while he talked to her aunt, and marking every change of feature, and every inflection of a singularly sweet voice.

Sir Philip was as dark as a southern Italian; his rich curly locks were of the blue-black hue not often seen in Italy, and the delicate and statuesque chiselling of his features was Italian rather than English. Every line of his striking countenance indicated strong passions and intense pride; but pride seemed not inappropriate to a man who bore so strongly the marks of gentle blood. But deep in the dark eyes lay the shadow of the vague unrest that overcast a life which nature and fortune ought to have combined to make bright and glorious.

Ilma thought that this man looked as if he had stepped out of some frame at the Pitti Palace; He seemed to belong more properly to an age in which swords righted wrongs. It was no wonder that the people considered him almost an alien; no one, could be more unlike the usual representatives of great county families. Sir Philip Darrell was pale, slender, supple, with the hues of an Italian, clean-shaved save for the soft moustache that shaded the resolute lips, a man of courts and cities, all but a stranger in his native country, his very speech giving, neither in tone nor accent, the faintest indication of his birth-place. He neither hunted nor shot, or took any part in county doings, being indeed an absentee. It was no wonder that some of the most superstitious shook their heads and said that some strange influence had presided at the hour of his birth.

"And do you intend," asked Miss Durnford, after a short pause in the conversation, "to give us your company for a little longer time, this time, than you did last, Sir Philip."

He shrugged his shoulders and answered—

"I can hardly tell, Miss Durnford; I have no settled plans. I am a rolling stone, you know, and shall be as long as I live."

"I hope not."

"Do you? Do you cherish the idea that I shall settle down and become a country gentleman at agricultural shows? Miss Costello, you see is laughing at the bare notion."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Jenny Lind at Mount Vernon.

What old timer does not recollect the coming of Jenny Lind to our shores in 1850, and the extraordinary furore created by her singing? Of course I only know what I've read about it, but I remember one incident in particular, her visit to Mount Vernon. The great songstress had been deeply touched by stories of the illustrious patriot, and upon reaching Washington the first request was to be taken to Mount Vernon. When Colonel Washington, the then proprietor of the estate, heard of her wish, he chartered a steamboat and made up a party, which, beside Mr. Barnum and Miss Lind, included Mr. Seaton, the Mayor of Washington, and other notable citizens. The boat landed near the tomb and the party proceeded thither. The Swedish woman's big heart ran over as she drew near this sacred spot. From this point she was conducted to the mansion, where a fine collation was served. With child-like enthusiasm she gazed upon every relic of the great leader. When the party had reached the library Colonel Washington took a book from one of the shelves and presented it to her. Not only had it been Washington's but it contained his book plate and his name written with his own hand. Miss Lind was greatly moved. She drew Mr. Barnum aside and insisted upon making some suitable return for the gift then and there, and although her watch and chain was a costly one and had been a present from a friend, Mr. Barnum had great difficulty in restraining her from at once bestowing it upon Colonel Washington. "The expense is nothing," she exclaimed, "compared to the value of this book!" Dear good soul! But I wonder where the book is now! No doubt in possession of her family and properly cared for as a priceless memento of Mme. Lind Goldschmidt's visit to the New World.

The Incessant Piano Pounder.

"What is that you've been drumming for the last two hours, Bessie?"

"'The Babes on Our Block,' ma."

"Well, stop it, or you'll murder the babies and everybody else on our block, and your mother, too, with your everlasting banging."—Chicago Herald.

CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

A Touching Bit of Mutual Courtesy Between Helpless Women.

An incident occurred on a westbound Madison cable car the other day which made even the grizzled old conductor look with pride and respect at a sweet-faced, gray-eyed little woman and with contempt on a number of well-dressed, well-to-do human swine who occupied about half of his car, says the Chicago Herald.

At the corner of Troop street a young woman carrying in her arms a baby of about two years, very large and heavy for its age, hailed the car. When, after some difficulty, she succeeded in boarding the car, it was noticed that she was hardly equal to the task of much longer holding in her arms her heavy burden. Every seat was occupied, however, and she was compelled to remain standing in the aisle, where she staggered at every lurch of the train. Several times her big baby was almost thrown from her arms. Her mute appeal for a seat that she might rest her arms of their precious freight were unanswered until the little gray-eyed woman looked up from a book she was perusing. Instantly she arose from her seat and tenderly bade the young mother take her place. It was then noticed for the first time that the little woman was crippled and that she stood rather awkwardly in the aisle, at times compelled to hold to the seat railing to prevent being thrown to the flooring of the car.

This was noticed by the young mother, and without a word she got up, gently pushed the little woman into the seat, and then, with a sweet "You won't mind, will you?" placed her pretty baby in the lap of the little woman. With a look of scorn and pity commingled the young mother glanced at the big beasts who lolled in their seats and turning to her baby and its guardian she looked as independent and happy as a queen.

Meantime the little woman and her protege were getting well acquainted, and when she signaled to the conductor to stop, that she might leave the car, the baby wore a very pretty gold neck chain which had not been there before. As she got up to depart the gray eyes of the little woman grew cold, and there seemed to be a dangerous glitter in them. She was determined that the young mother should have her seat, which she succeeded in securing for her. On leaving she handed the baby a card, which, when read by the mother, acquainted her with the fact that the crippled little woman was the maiden sister of one of the best known judges now sitting on the circuit bench in Cook county.

But the swine—they simply curled their legs into more comfortable positions, and talked louder than ever.

SHOOTING THE IZARD.

One Must Be a Good Marksman and Fire Quickly.

"Le voila! Tirez, tirez!" and there, trotting along, casting a dark shadow on the white snow, was an izard, about 175 yards above me, writes Paul Van Dyke in Scribner's. I unslung my rifle and followed with the sight. He stopped for an instant. Crack! He whirled and trotted back again, stopped, crack! and, with a bound he disappeared among the rocks. We watched in vain for his reappearance and turned to mount, exchanging mutual condolences. Suddenly "Voila!" and there he was again on the other snow field at our right. Crack! went the Winchester, and then he seemed to understand for the first time where the trouble came from, for he was off like the wind, while I emptied the three remaining cartridges of my magazine at the flying clouds of snow. The miss was set down to the natural nervousness at the first izard, and it was not until some hours afterward that I noticed a derangement of the rifle sights which would have made it impossible to kill at twenty yards. It was the first piece of bad luck.

No Bread.

Antoinette de Bourbon, the mother of the Guises, had, in addition to her other fine qualities, good sense. One example of the discipline to which she subjected the young Guises indicates that had there been more mothers like her in her class there would have been less of ruthless extravagance on the part of the royalty and nobility of France. The young nobles were out hunting and rode through fields which had been sown with corn. The duchess heard of it. That evening, according to the tradition preserved at Joinville, there was no bread on the supper table. The princes at once asked for bread astonished at such negligence in this well-ordered household. "My children," replied Antoinette, "it is necessary to economize flour, since you have destroyed the future harvest."

Hannibal Hamlin.

Hannibal Hamlin was the only living ex-Vice President of the United States, and his career was almost unparalleled in length of public service. From 1833 to 1883 he almost continuously held public office. Among his colleagues when he first entered the senate were Webster, Calhoun, Douglas, Crittenden, Reverdy Johnson, Cass, Benton, Jefferson Davis, John P. Hale, William Allen and Tom Corwin, Simon Cameron, Daniel S. Dickinson, John S. Dix and Sam Houston. In a later generation, almost all of whom he outlived also, were Seward, Chase, Fessenden, Sumner, Wilson, Slidell, Hamilton, Fish, Toombs, Wade and Andrew Johnson.

Keep Off the Sidewalks.

An Indian woman of 300 pounds weight visited Bath, Me., last week, and broke through the sidewalk. The street commissioner thereupon gave her notice that in her future visits she must keep in the middle of the road.